Ro. VVhat Ladie is that which doth inrich the hand
Of yonder Knight?
Ser, I know not ſir.
Ro, O ſhe doth teach the torches to burne bright:
It ſeemes ſhe hangs vpon the cheeke of night,
As a rich Iewel in an Æthiops eare,
Beauty too rich for vſe, for earth too deare:
So ſhewes a ſnowie Doue trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady ore her fellowes ſhowes:
The meaſure done, Ile watch her place of ſtand,
And touching hers, make bleſſed my rude hand.
Did my heart loue till now, forſweare it ſight,
For I nere ſaw true beauty till this night.
Tib, This by his voice, ſhould be a *Mountague.*
Fetch me my Rapier boy, what dares the ſlaue
Come hether couerd with an antique face,
To fleere and ſcorne at our ſolemnitie?
Now by the ſtocke and honour of my kin,
To ſtrike him dead I hold it not a ſin.
Capu. VVhy how now kinsman wherefore ſtorme you ſo?
Tib. Vncle this is a *Mountague* our foe:
A villaine that is hither come in ſpight,
To ſcorne at our ſolemnitie this night.
Capu. Young *Romeo* is it.
Tib. Tis he, that villaine *Romeo.*
Capu. Content thee gentle *Coze*, let him alone,
A bears him like a portly Gentleman:
And to ſay truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and well gouernd youth,
I would not for the welth of all this towne,
Here in my houſe doe him diſparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou reſpect,
Shew a faire preſence, and put off theſe frownes,
An ill beſeeming ſemblance for a feaſt.
Tib. It fits when ſuch a villaine is a gueſt,

Ile

Ile not endure him.
Capu. He ſhall be endured.
What goodman boy, I ſay he ſh
Am I the maiſter here or you? go
Youle not endure him, God ſhal
Youle make a mutinie among m
You will ſet cock a hoope, youl
Ti. VVhy vncle, tis a ſhame
Capu. Go too, go too,
You are a ſawcy boy, iſt ſo inde
This tricke may chance to ſcath
You muſt contrary me, marry t
VVell ſaid my hearts, you are a
Be quiet, or more light, more l
Ile make you quiet (what) chea
Ti. Patience perforce, with
Makes my fleſh tremble in thei
I will withdraw but this intruſi
Now ſeeming ſweete, conuert t
Ro. If I prophane with my v
This holy ſhrine, the gentle ſin
My lips two bluſhing Pylgrim
To ſmooth that rough touch w
Iu. Good Pilgrime you do w
VVhich mannerly deuotion ſh
For ſaints haue hands, that Pilg
And palme to palme is holy Pa
Ro. Haue not Saints lips an
Iuli. I Pilgrim, lips that the
Rom. O then deare Saint, le
They pra y (grant thou) leaſt f
Iu. Saints doe not moue, th
Ro. Then moue not while
Thus from my lips, by thine m
Iu. Then haue my lips the
Ro. Sin from my lips, O tre

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22324) LONDON, 1609 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.